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The Boston Daily Globe.

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VOL. XLI.—NO. 39. BOSTON, MONDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 8, 1892.—TEN PAGES. PRICE TWO CENTS.

ARMED TO BED.

Warden Farmhouse Like an Arsenal.

Fanny Learns Art of Shooting.

Scare Follows Scare, Since Trial.

How Oscar Punched a Woman's Nose.

Lives Threatened by Letters ---Strange Tracks.

Almy Meanwhile Gets Fat in Prison.

Still Believes He is Smart Enough to Escape.

ONLY ON PAPER.

But Mrs. Hiller is Alive to Read of Death.

Townspeople Sat Up All Night to Learn the Truth.

Hoax Perpetrated on One Boston Paper.

Globe Hustlers, However, Disproved Canard.

"Lady of the Caskets" Is Rugged and Well as Usual.

30 DEAD.

Many Bodies in the Ruins.

Gotham's Royal in Ashes.

Charred Bones and Burning Flesh

Mingled With a Mass of Brick.

Flights in Space to Certain Death.

Naked Guests Tumble Into Crowded Streets.

Many Missing; Many Rescued.

Horrors Painted on a Flaming Sky.

Pallid Faces Appear at Windows.

Victims Fall Back and Disappear.

List of Lost, and Lists of Saved and Missing.

BLAINE OUT.

Relieves Anxiety of Many.

In a Letter Frankly States Position.

Takes Himself Out of Presidential Race.

Says His Name Will Not Go Before Convention.

President's Friends Made Glad.

But Wish Letter a Bit More Emphatic.

"Plumed Knight," However, Taken at His Word.

Many Candidates Likely Now to Show Up.

Local Republicans Say it will be Harrison Sure, Now.

CONTENTS OF TODAY'S GLOBE.

Page 1.
Secretary Blaine in a letter says he will not be a candidate for the presidential nomination; how his withdrawal is regarded.
Sherman opinions at the Warden farm-house; how Oscar Slocum punched a teacher; Almy meanwhile getting fat in prison.
Globe disproves canard on Mrs. Hiller's death.
Thirty lives lost and many injured at burning of Hotel Royal.

Page 2.
Rev. John E. Fitzgerald's eulogy of the late Cardinal Manning at the Central Labor Union memorial service.
Gallantry of Springfield and his peculiar fortification.
Woman wills away her children, but their fate relieves her.
Some suspected and people warlaid in the dark; plotting Italians exhalted.
Drowning in Kill Matteawan at Sing Sing, N. Y.
Collision at Lenden, Me.

Page 3.
Fake and pickpocket fleecing through the ice. Commission reports on the causes of European emigration to the United States.

Page 4.
Dr. Minot Savage on Dr. Abbott and evolution; other sermons.
Fire in the town of Camden, Me., tells of thrilling escape.
Probable fatal shooting affray in Providence.

Page 5.
Fire causes loss of $175,000 in Manchester, N. H.
Thrilling experience of Joseph Gravel on Jack Chamberlain in blinding snowstorm.

Page 6.
New evidences in Salisbury murder case interested as showing that Brown was only an accomplice.
Serious stabbing affray at the West End.
San Francisco club man accused of cheating at cards.
Rousing gossip; meeting miscellany.
New York minister and pretty divorcee accused of intimacy.
Yale students in the water.
Charges against Deputy Superintendent Forristall being investigated.

Page 8.
Woodard & Shanklin's auction sale of horses begins today.
Analytical work done by Kenrwood and Newton boxers.
Many people enjoy the fine sleighing at Zaco, Me.
The society orders.
Books and literature of the week.

Page 10.
Widow's rights, parents' rights and other points elucidated in the probate court.
Interesting lecture at a ladies' meeting at Harvard College by President Eliot and the Rabbi Schindler on reading of the Scriptures.
Large fleet of vessels caught in the bay by the recent storm.
Highland Club's new home, Lowell.

THE WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Forecast for Monday:
For New England, rain, snow and high winds, followed by Monday night by much colder, decidedly colder, northwest; probably clearing Monday night; fair Tuesday.
For eastern New York, rain, followed by south winds, shifting by Monday night to colder, north, cloudy weather and rain or snow, probably clearing by Monday night, fair Tuesday; cold wave by Monday night.
Signals are displayed on the Atlantic coast from Hatteras to Eastport.

Local Forecast.
For Massachusetts, Rhode Island and eastern Connecticut, fair weather, warmer, followed by clearing by Monday night, warmer, southwest and west winds; fair and colder Monday night and Tuesday.
For Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, rain, followed by clearing by Monday night, warmer, southwest and west winds; fair and colder Monday night and Tuesday.
A storm of considerable energy, moving northeastward is central in the lake region, and rain has fallen over most of the Eastern States. It is much warmer in front of the storm and cold in the rear of it. Some time of the storm will probably pass down the St. Lawrence valley to the Atlantic ocean during Monday.

H. H. CLAYTON.

Snow at Highland Light.

HIGHLAND LIGHT, Mass., Feb. 7.—Light southwest winds, shifting in with thick snow at 4 p.m.

Temperature Yesterday

as indicated by the thermometer at Thompson's Spa: 3 a.m., 18°; 6 a.m., 18°; 9 a.m., 22°; 12 m., 25°; 3:30 p.m., 28°; 6 p.m., 25°; 9 p.m., 25°; 12 mid., 23°. Average temperature, 22°.

CHAP OUTFIT SEIZED.

Fifteen Alleged Gamblers Taken Into Custody.

Capt. Dawson of station 5 has of late received many complaints of Hotel Howe selling and gambling at the house 415 Tremont street. The proprietor of which is alleged to be John E. Crawford, and Capt. Dawson, accompanied by a squad of patrolmen, Capt. Dawson gained access to the building by bursting open a door, and on the room had all the appearance of a gambling den, so say the police, for on the floor were found a number of implements of gambling. The following men were arrested and taken to the station: Patrick J. Crawford, William H. Brennan, Jerman Merrit, Thomas Williams, Richard Miller, Fred Arnold, Fred Wilson, Frank B. Chandler, Lawrence Hill, Joseph Jackson, Philip Jones, James Johnson, Frank and William Howe.

The police also seized 207 chips, one craps table and outfit, 3 packs of cards, 4 poker chairs, 10 gallons of lager beer and two gallons of hard liquors.

REAR ADMIRAL BEYNON DEAD.

Rendered Good Service in the Navy During the Civil War.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—Rear Admiral Andrew Beynon, U. S. N., retired, died here today.

He was born in New York city, July 22, 1822, and entered the navy as midshipman from that State in 1838. He was made a lieutenant in 1855, and resigned on July 1, 1861.

He rendered good service during the civil war. He was present at the reduction of Fort Macon and in the principal engagements of Charleston from September, 1863, to April, 1865, receiving a wound from a shell.

Lynn Central Labor Union.

LYNN, Feb. 7.—The Lynn Central Labor Union met in the Knights of Labor Hall, this afternoon. John G. Hamilton was chosen chairman, and Miss Mary Hall secretary. An address to elect a treasurer was then made, but no agreement could be effected, and the meeting was adjourned until Feb 21, when the other officers will be elected.

THE UPSHOTS—Extra 5. Best 5c. cigar.

Continued on the Fourth Page.

"Lady of the Caskets" Is Rugged and Well as Usual.

MRS. FREDERICK B. HILLER, M. D., is not dead. A rumor that she had died caused a sensation Saturday night in Wilmington, her home, and the townspeople have hardly recovered from it yet. It was a conviction which quivered and reverberated all over the town, and which was the result of a revolting canard in the shape of a contrivance also administered by THE GLOBE.

Some one was evidently anxious that Mrs. Hiller should be dead, as far as the world was concerned, yesterday morning, for particular evening a letter was received by the local contributing room, which read as follows:

MRS. FREDERICK B. HILLER, M. D., widow of the late Henry Hiller, M. D., and proprietor of the U. S. Medical Institute, aged 47 years and 11 months.

Please give the name time and words as above notice.

Inside of the letter there was folded a $1 bill.

The advertising clerk forwarded the letter to the city editor for verification, and the latter personage proceeded to hold a regular session with himself.

Visions undoubtedly associated with Mrs. Hiller, who has been termed the "Lady of the Caskets," came up before his eyes.

Mrs. Hiller is the owner of a line of the latest makers of which so much has been written, handsome in proportions, ornate in archi tecture and amazing and artistic in the elaborate carving, the result of months of labor and the large crockery bee, the unique home and those broad stairs, all of which, with the $1 bill and the publication of episodes in her life, he knew must be compiled to announce this woman's take off, commenorate with her fame.

A good obituary must be prepared at once, for the publication of the notice of her demise always have, but do not always get a chance to expand, was called into requisition.

All the files of three or four years past were pulled from their respective shelves, and two men went to work on them, running the heavy volumes for anything that

Everything About Mrs. Hiller.

This was a prodigious task in itself, for THE GLOBE correspondent whose district is Wilmington was away on a week's leave. His wife was fourth fire and hastes to the house of Mrs. Hiller, a dress of five miles and return, with the thermometer was down in Chili.

The telephone took its turn in the general animation that, infectious, had taken possession of the office, and Wilmington, a lively ringing of the bell, and Dr. H. M. Jernegan's residence was placed in connection with THE GLOBE office.

The subsequent dialogue ensued:

"Hello, is this Dr. Jernegan's house?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Is he home?"

"Yes, but can't be seen."

"Ask him to come to the telephone."

"Won't do you as well. The doctor has gone to bed and is asleep. He has been up every night this week, and he wouldn't like to be aroused."

"I want to talk with him. It is imperative."

Then comes the doctor to the telephone.

"Hallo, Doctor?"

"Hallo!"

"This is THE GLOBE office. Is Mrs. Hiller dead?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"But, Doctor, didn't you send a notice of her death to THE GLOBE office?"

"No!" vigorously.

"——with a dollar inclosed in the letter."

"No, sir! I did not send any death notice to THE GLOBE office or any one else."

"Well, Doctor, excuse me, and signed your name to it."

"It is a forgery. I never wrote it, and don't know whether Mrs. Hiller is dead or not."

"Then you mean to say that you did not create a death as to Mrs. Hiller's death, and the small death notice was told to us over the 'phone by you?"

"I do other of it. Good-night."

Find the Doctor in Bed.

An attack on the door bell of some few minutes' duration aroused the inmates of a house at the other end of the situation, and wife, for the doctor came down with all speed.

He had been attending Mrs. Hiller, he said, but had left her at 9 o'clock, and did not believe her dead.

"I was there at 9, and then I saw her last Friday she was feeling very well, although she had had an attack of the grip. I was going to call on her Sunday, but can't be dead or I should have heard something about it."

The doctor was shown the letter which had been received by mail at the advertising office.

He read it and smiled.

"Do you recognize the hand-writing?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I think I do," replied the doctor, with a broader smile, "and you may depend upon it that if a woman's in it, dear, dear!"

"Mrs. Hiller is not dead, then?"

"Dead? Not she. Why, I saw her last Friday, and